

# The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME XX.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885.

NUMBER 38

Our rates for Local Advertising for 1885, will be ten cents per line for first insertion and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

—Mrs. Michael DeBolt is seriously ill.  
—S. G. Park is still in very poor health.  
—Last Sunday was Washington's birthday.  
—Mrs. Joseph Scott of Forbes is seriously ill.  
—F. J. Morrow has been appointed railroad agent at Mound City.  
—Rev. Christy will preach at Forbes tomorrow and in Oregon at night.  
—Esquire Miller has returned to Forbes, after an absence of two years.  
—The spring term of the New Point school will be in charge of Dan Webster.

—One Yard Wide See Island Cotton 1-2 cents per yard at McIninch's, St. Joe, Mo.  
—John Patterson, of Triumph, lost a valuable cow and calf last week by some unknown disease.

—Prosecuting Attorney Rea and family will become citizens of Oregon during the month of March.

—C. J. Holt, the temperance agitator, secured one hundred and fifty signatures to the pledge at Craig last week.

—George Goodhardt of the Triumph district after a visit of several weeks with friends in Ohio, returned home last week.

—We are sorry to note the fact that Recorder Lyons is quite ill this week. He has our most earnest hope for his speedy recovery.

—Forty-four of the 114 counties in this state have no bonded debt, and seventeen counties in the state issue no dramshop license.

—We understand there was more drunkenness in Forbes last Saturday than customary—and yet there is no saloon in the town.

—P. E. Whitmer has purchased land in Stafford county, Kansas. We understand he contemplates remaining across the Big Muddy soon.

—There will be a jug breaking and concert at the Christian church Friday night February 27th. A very interesting program is in preparation.

—A wicked exchange says that a girl with fancy stockings on, will fail down at a skating rink, twice as many times as the one with a plain sort on.

—John Miller, of Minnesota Valley, was on our streets Monday. J. G. Edly of Benton, was also in our city. He patronized the Kunkel Mills while here.

—Itch and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolfords Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by Hinde & Philbrick Drug-gist, Oregon.

—S. A. Dugger, a prominent farmer of Kansas, and Miss Dora E. Lyons of Holt county, were united in marriage by Esquire Hoffmann, at the Colvin hotel, February 21st 1885.

—C. H. Hopper, of Lincoln, Sunday-ed with friends in Oregon. He is fast making a reputation as one of the very best teachers in our county, and we predict for him a bright future.

—W. R. Hoffmann has for sale town property from \$400 and up; also a cheap business house in town, and farms from 160 acres; one well improved farm at \$10 per acre.

—The net profits from the dramatic enterments given by the Home Troupe amounted to \$29.50 which will be placed to the credit of the reading room fund. The troupe will probably play at Mound City and at other neighboring towns.

—Jim Ireland, a well known "crook" was run in by Sheriff Cummins last Sunday. Ireland it is thought has stolen at least two horses from parties in this county; one from John Oak and the other from A. N. Stevens. The arrest was made in Mercer county. Cummins is showing himself a terror to evil doers.

—For previous inauguration balls, the tickets could only be had in Washington, and the great rush for them, of the thousands of visitors on arrival, created confusion and consumed much time. Now all who visit Washington can secure their ball tickets without waiting until their arrival there, while the many who desire them for souvenirs may readily procure them at the B. & O. offices, either by personal application or letter.

—All good Democrats will go to Washington to see the new President and will go via the Memphis Short Route, as this route is the most pleasant and no other route offers equal accommodation and facilities. Through sleeping and reclining chair cars are run via this route Kansas City to Memphis where close connection is made with line of palace sleeping cars through to Washington. For a sufficient number arrangements will be made to run through sleeper Kansas City to Washington without change via this favorite route. Provision will also be made for a trip to Washington returning via New Orleans. For rates and full information address, J. E. Lockwood, ten, Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

—Price & Price have just opened out a new Meat Market, two doors north of Bank, where they will keep the best meat to be found in the market. Highest cash price paid for hides.

—Dr. Goslin was fifty-five last Tuesday.

—Grandma Workman is very ill with diphtheria.

—Hugh Barrier has sold two hundred cords of wood to our people this winter.

—Mrs. Ellen Bennett, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is now much better.

—W. R. Hoffmann has a residence in Oregon for rent; contains three rooms.

—Five year ago this week, T. C. Dungan and many others, were busy making garden.

—Representative Kellogg witnessed the military review at St. Louis last Saturday.

—Frank Heckmann and Miss Ditha Ellen Hannan of Nodaway station were married by Esq. Hoffmann on the 25th last.

—Washington's tall tower was formally dedicated last Saturday. It is the tallest tower of the world, a fact that the Americans abroad should not neglect to mention.

—Uncle Eliza VanBuren on Wednesday, 25th inst. reached his sixty-third birthday on life's great highway. May his remaining days be ever bright, prosperous and happy.

—Died, February 5th, of brain fever, Arvilla E. Kunkel, aged, 6 years, 11 months and 12 days. The funeral services were conducted by Elder P. E. Whitmer, from the words "to die is gain."

—When you go to St. Joe take narrow Gauge Street Car Line, which runs from a half block to the depot to A. A. McININCH'S STORE, where you can buy any goods you want at retail at whole sale prices.

—Stopping a moment to consider what must be the inevitable result in depots where will be missed the arrivals from several roads; how strong must be the argument in favor of the B. & O., which has its own exclusive depot in Washington, and no train but its own coming in or going out.

—I am going to do it! I mean business! Ladies' Cloaks, Gent's Overcoats, Boots, Shoes and Hats, Gent's and Boys' Clothing. In fact, you can find everything in his Stock to be found in a First-Class Dry Goods House. And from now on until the 1st of January, 1885, will be sold at RED-ROCK for CASH. Remember the place, J. B. PAYNE.

—The entertainment at the Christian church on next Friday evening promises to be such as will richly pay all to attend. There will be a number of recitations, among which will be "How Jamie Came Home," by Cora Fry. Also a variety of songs, solos, quartets and breaking of jugs. If you want to spend an evening pleasantly and profitably, go. Admission, 15 cents; children 10 cents.

—I desire to thank Mr. and Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Markland, and all kind friends for the glad surprise in the shape of a nice lot of wood. It is pleasant as we gather around the cheerful fire, to think there are some who remember the misfortunes of others. I hope that sorrow so dark as mine may never cross any of your thresholds and that God may give you all an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom. S. Y. G.

—Married, at the Nickell's Grove church by Elder W. A. Gardner, on Tuesday evening, February 17th, Mr. James F. Bucher and Miss Ione Curtis. The event was not unexpected, and all who know the parties extend congratulations. Mr. Bucher has chosen one of the fairest and best of women, who as long as life shall last will be to him a faithful, loving companion. The groom is well known as one of our most energetic farmers. The many friends of the bride and groom unite with the writer in wishing them many happy years of wedded life, and hope that with each year new love and sweet remembrance will crown their wedded life with ever renewed happiness.

—Your Sunday school lesson for next Sunday will be found in Acts 23: 12-24 and from it you may be able to learn: the plotting Jews were very religious in their way; we should be sure that our religion does not leave us slaves of evil passions. We are the hardening and binding tendency of sectarian prejudice and strife, leading religious teachers to join in great crimes in the interests of religion. "Truth and righteousness may be found and practiced with half the pains that are often employed to 'search out iniquity' and establish error."—One of the great lessons here taught us is that it is safe to trust in the Lord and do good; and that, however dark the day, and many are our hindrances and foes, Paul's view of divine sovereignty did not conflict with his sense of personal responsibility. Neither the promises or providence of God can release us from the necessity of decision and action on behalf of ourselves and others.

—Louie Moore is able to be on the streets again after a week's illness.

—A county temperance convention will be held in this city, March 19, 20.

—Pension Examiner Smith is quite ill at the Howell House, with pneumonia.

—Willard Meyer of Upper Holt, has been spending the week with his uncle George Meyer, Esq.

—Daniel Casey, of Johnson, Nebraska has been spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Mollie Kunkel.

—Nicholas Stock has purchased the residence property in this city of Jehu Foster. Consideration, \$725.

—Ed Lehmer was called to Shenaville Ohio on last Tuesday, by a telegram announcing the death of his mother.

—Miss Susie Miller is the guest of Miss Carrie Anderson. Miss Annie Feigenbaum is visiting Mrs. Tom Curry.

—Parties desiring prescriptions filled at night, after bus hours, will find J. C. Philbrick at his home, first door north of the Christian church.

—Last week Neal Hobbitts was offered \$10,000 for his 160 acre farm near this city. Land not low down in Holt county by any means.

—George Reeler, on Wednesday exhibited a number of illustrated supplements containing fine illustrations of the New Orleans Mardi Gras.

—Dr. Dave Allison purchased, a few days ago, a yearling bull calf of Cowan & Son, Oregon, Missouri. It is of the Durham stock and cost \$100.—Atchison County Mail.

—Mr. Jeremiah Kelley has purchased the Andrew Carr farm, three miles north of Oregon. Consideration, \$2,600. The sale was negotiated by E. A. Wemy Esq. of this city.

—The snow fall which caused such a serious blockade to travel in Oregon and Washington recently, was more than double the average yearly fall at this place.

—Senator Parcher's bill, entitled "Of assessment and taxation of railroads," was ordered to engrossment several days ago, and there is no obstacle in the way to prevent it from passing both houses and becoming a law. It is estimated that this bill will save to nonaway county \$1,000 per annum, Holt and Atchison about \$500 each and other counties in the state in proportion; or about \$60,000 in the aggregate to the state.

—Mrs. H. L. Atkins, in company with her little son L. E. and daughter Annie, are visiting with relatives in Douglas county, Kansas. Mrs. Dr. J. L. Minton and daughter, of White Cloud, Kansas, are visiting with grandma and grandpa Foster, at the National Hotel, Forest City. Daniel Ettinger, an old and respected citizen of this county, who has been spending the winter with friends in Elk county, Kansas, has returned to our midst, looking a hale and hearty as of yore.

—About one month ago the Meteor chronicled the marriage of Mr. Mode Snow and Miss Nellie Stokes and now we are called upon to record the death of the groom. While on the way to his home with his bride he was stricken down with typhoid fever at the residence of his brother at S. E. Stewart's and died on last Sunday. The bride of a month returned to her home in this county on Tuesday. She has the sympathy of a large number of friends and relatives in her sad bereavement.

—Craig Meteor.

—Mr. Joseph Fitts has returned from the wholesale markets where he completed large spring purchases. He has on exhibition the finest line of foreign and domestic dress goods, in plain and plaid, ever placed on sale in this city. His selections of table linens, and Gingham have been made with most excellent care and taste. He is prepared to supply you with lace curtains in all qualities and patterns. He has an endless stock of hosiery in all grades, shades and sizes. His stock of gent's furnishings goods is most complete and invite the gentlemen to examine his stock of colored shirts, in dress style. A large stock of embroideries in all qualities can be found at this house. Mr. Fitts makes a specialty of Ladies' gents' and children's fine shoes. Our spring novelties and notions are too elegant for description—You should call and see them.

—The fall of snow has been very heavy throughout the West, but it has not extended to the Eastern States to any unusual extent. It is to be expected that a good deal of damage will be done by this frozen moisture when it returns to its normal condition, but it will all depend upon the way the thaw comes about. If the sun is allowed to do the job there will be no trouble. That furnace may vary its heat somewhat, but it is certain that the melting would be so gradual as to cause no serious inconvenience. The ground is frozen very solid to more than the usual depth, so that the water must escape, for the most part, by surface drainage. But for all that the sun is a promoter of floods. If, however, the fierce rain should batter down the drifts and convert snow into slush and water, then there will be trouble, and the cry of the washed-out for help will fill the ear of charity.

## HAPPY HEARTS.

The Nuptials of Tom Curry, of Oregon, Mo., and Miss Mina Feigenbaum, of St. Joseph, Missouri.

"And the twain shall be one flesh" was beautifully illustrated in the marriage of Mr. Tom Curry, junior proprietor of this paper, and Miss Mina Feigenbaum, daughter of the Rev. Henry Feigenbaum, of St. Joseph, which was performed at the German M. E. Church, St. Joseph, on Wednesday last, February 18th, 1885.

Weddings are generally happy occasions, and yet there is always an under current of sorrow observed in every one of them. Some times sighs escape from the lips of the young men, as they see her who has given them many a heart ache, giving the hand and heart they would have prized above all things else on earth to another; and the thought comes into their minds, "would it have been different had I spoken first?" But the sigh is hidden and the pain put out of sight, and with smiling lips and moist eyes they congratulate the happy pair. Some times the sigh comes from a maiden fair, who has enshrined in her heart a manly image and worshipped it in her secret thoughts. But he has found elsewhere the companion for life's joys and sorrows all unconscious of the pain and sorrow so unwittingly caused. She too has learned to hide beneath a smiling mask the deep wound, and laughingly adds her blessing on the happy pair. Oh, truly, love makes sad have in this world. How a wedding changes the current of many lives. The loving daughter is no less a loving daughter, but the mother well knows she can never hold the same place in that heart.

New cares and responsibilities will take the place of the old, and in one sense of the word the separation between them is as final as the grave. The son may have as reverential a spirit for father and mother, but his love is divided, and by far the larger part is given to another. New ties are formed, new circles entered and the lines of life diverge more and more. But still there will be marrying and given in marriage, for heart will cling to heart, and love will exert his mighty power over the sons and daughters of men.

A host of friends had gathered, and at two o'clock P. M., the happy pair, accompanied by Mr. Fred Neudorff and George Schatz, were conducted to the altar, as Professor Kost rendered a beautiful wedding march, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. Frederick Feigenbaum, of Eudora, Kansas, assisted by his brother, Rev. Rudolph Feigenbaum, of Atchison, Kansas, both being uncles of the bride. The bride's father, Rev. Henry Feigenbaum, who for a number of years has been in charge of the St. Joseph District of the German M. E. Church, and now pastor of the Third Street, German M. E. Church, was present and occupied a seat at the altar.

The bride was attired in a neat and modest traveling suit of sea-brown ottoman cloth, with hat and gloves to correspond. There seemed to be a haloed influence over all, and the sharp, crisp air seemed to whisper praises to the quently bride. There was universal assent by all present in view of the happy future in store for her, in the companionship of the husband of her choice. But in view of the separation which comes, there was a spirit of sadness with some of her more intimate acquaintances. Those who know her best, love her most, and with one voice say, "Blessed is he whose lot is cast with her in companionship."

Mr. Curry, or Tom, as he is familiarly called, has been steadily engaged in the printing business in our city for a number of years, and in August, 1883, was admitted to junior partnership in the HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL. An excellent printer and a young man of irreproachable character, the editor takes this occasion to express his confidence and high appreciation of his associate, and fully believes that the lady who has taken him into a life partnership will never regret the solemn vow she made on the day that made them husband and wife. The printers throughout the county from "boos to devil" wish him many years of prosperity and hope that his "first impression" will be a good one. We also hope that he will not soon have the misfortune to "pi" his form; and that, as each succeeding year increases his "circulation" and he adds from time to time "small fonts" of the same "series," keeping up with the times by issuing an occasional "supplement," he will not forget to put his "imprint" upon them.

The couple have the prayers of many warm friends who wish them a happy, useful and christian life.

The following is a list of the tokens of kind remembrances from friends:

Steel engraving—Charles and Carrie Kien-schneider, St. Joseph.  
Picture frame—Mrs. J. F. Hintz.  
Picture frame—Mrs. Mary Bauer.  
Glass water set—Mrs. Strider and family.  
Water pitcher—Misses Walker.  
China coffee pot—Dorothy Brothers.  
Berry set and vinegar pitcher—Mrs. Frank and family.  
Mustard owl—Henry Frank.  
Individual pepper and salt—John Michel.  
Silver pickle caster—Mary Verrugut.  
Silver pickle caster—Tena Langrene and Anna Brennen.  
Silver pickle caster—Carrie Paul, Emma and Adie Ashford.  
Silver and glass toilet set—Lydia Mumm.  
Silver butter dish and knife—Mrs. and Anna Bauman and Albert Schoen.  
Silver casket—W. E. Sullivan and wife.  
Coke stand—Mary Schorer.  
Table cloth—Mrs. Jeshong.  
Bed-spread—Mrs. Kien-schneider.  
Ink stand—Henry and John Kien-schneider.  
Read plate—Mr. Steigel.  
Fruit stand—Mrs. Oshaw.  
Bread plate—Mrs. Zimmermann.  
Pair vases—Mrs. Hope.  
Spice box—Rose Kurz.  
Spice box—Mrs. Voss.  
Individual butter plates—Mrs. Asquith.  
Set silver teaspoons—Mrs. Friebe.  
Set silver teaspoons—Mrs. Vosteen.  
Set silver teaspoons—Mrs. Allie Kunkel.  
Crumbs—Mrs. Kien-schneider.  
Knife box—Clara Kien-schneider.  
Gent's—Dolphie Steinmetz.  
Pair towels—Mrs. James Linbird.  
Mrs. Henry Blum, \$5.00.  
One dozen silver table-spoons—Hinder's mother.  
Clothes wringer and set of knives—Fred Neudorff.  
Hash bowl, hash knife, egg beater, potato masher, and coffee grinder—Mrs. Schutz and family.  
Tug—Mrs. Schuler and Bush.  
Table cloth—Mrs. Henry Finger.  
China toilet set—Mrs. Charles Steinmetz and Anna Feigenbaum.  
China dinner set—Uncle Billy Brodbeck and family, Oregon, Mo.  
Set of "Potts" irons—R. C. Frederick and wife.  
Pair of panel picture frames—J. C. Philbrick and wife.  
Pair of Turkish towels—Clark Philbrick and wife.  
Wash tub, board, clothes line and clothes pins—Cyrus Philbrick and family.  
Cotton, mattress and counterpane—green's mother.  
Set of table mats—J. H. Niles and family.  
Silver cake basket—Mrs. Thatcher and wife and Phil J. Ziller.  
Crystal pitcher and silver butter knife—Mrs. Howell and daughter Blanche.  
Porcelain heating stove—Charles Marsh and P. M. Zook.  
Silver sugar spoon and butter knife—H. T. Altkre and wife.  
Bracket lamp—D. R. Altkre and wife.  
Silver syrup pitcher—Robert Lyons.  
Crystal pitcher—Suda Collins.  
Granite tea pot—Lewis and Emma Moore.  
Crystal fruit stand—Emma Kattenbach.  
Set of silver teaspoons—J. B. Payne and family.  
Table cloth—E. VanBaskirk and family.  
One dozen napkins—Mrs. G. Mueller.  
Table cloth—Trace Spierke.  
Half-dozen towels—Mrs. S. Q. Goslin and P. S. Montgomery.  
Fruit dish—J. H. Hostetter and wife.  
Toy—Emma Hostetter.  
Large rocking chair—May and Mont Curry.  
Cane rocking chair—W. R. Hoffmann and Emma Schulte.  
Tiny—Mrs. Bell Watson.  
Hand-painted plaque—Dorothy Brodbeck.  
George Meyer \$5.00.  
Set silver fruit knives—D. P. Dobyns.  
Combination kitchen safe—Mrs. C. D. Zook and wife, Mound City, Mo.  
Individual salt and pepper set—Charles Brodbeck, Odell, Nebraska.  
Silver water set—Rundoldt, Nebraska, friends.  
Set silver knives and forks—Ernst and Emma Kattenbach, Milledale, Mo.  
Set silver knives—Charles E. Cochran, Mound City.  
Table cloth—Aunt Minnie Winter, Wymore, Nebraska.  
Silver syrup pitcher—W. McRoberts, Mound City.  
Easel, elephant and Chinese napkins—Emma Feigenbaum, Eudora, Kansas.  
Flower set—W. F. Waller, Council Grove, Kansas.

## A MERRY WEEK.

A Lively Week in the Amusement Line of Our City.

The past week has been an unusually lively one in our city the Music and Drama have each had full sway at the Opera House, and lovers of the dramatic art and those devoted to Mozart, have had excellent opportunities to show their appreciation of the efforts of our home talent.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, the Opera House was occupied by the Home Dramatic Company who gave two entertainments for the benefit of the Reading Room. The first evening the troupe presented "Through the Breakers" and on the second evening, "Fruit of the Wine Cup." The company had exceedingly well, and gave satisfaction in the rendition of their plays. The characters were well assigned, and each of the performers held their respective roles with great credit to themselves. They were liberally patronized and quite a hand-ome sum was realized.

On Saturday evening, the Grand Army Post of this city gave a literary and musical entertainment at the Opera House, in honor of the birthday of the Father of his country. The house was crowded and the entertainment was a complete success. The following is the program presented:

Opening chorus—Choir.  
Recitation—Maudie Fry.  
Song—Choir and Schulte Sisters.  
Recitation—Anna Moller.  
Song—Little Girls.  
Recitation—Wesley Frame.  
Recitation—Lillie Allen.  
Song—Little Girls.  
Recitation—Cora Fry.  
Essay—Mrs. Minerva Bond.  
Recitation—Daisy Kostock.  
Music—Choir.  
Recitation—Lizzie Jacobs.  
Standing Army—Little Boys.  
Music—Choir.  
Awkward Squad Drill.

Mrs. Bond's essay, being so well written and so appropriate to the occasion, we herewith publish it, the subject being "Washington and his Child."

"If Washington was a modest man and history tells us that he was—he surely sometimes feels like turning over

in his grave in holy horror, when he hears his name upon the lips of every civilized nation on the globe; and yet if he had not wanted the adoration of a world, he should have been less good, less noble, less self-sacrificing or less brave. We are told of Washington's virtues, as soon as we are old enough to comprehend them. The story of his good deeds, from the little hatchet act up to those more dramatic ones which freed us from the British crown, is placed before us, side by side with our catechisms.

If Washington were alive, to day, and any small boy, whose doting parents consider him a Washington in embryo, to ask him what made him so great, he would doubtless answer in very simple words, perhaps something like this: "I simply did my duty."

Yes, here we have the secret of his success in a nutshell, he did his duty! When the great opportunity to do something came into his life, he simply grasped it and held on with a tenacity that defied all opposing forces to crush him.

One hundred and fifty three years ago to-day this illustrious man was born on the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland county, Virginia. History tells us that: "As a lad, he was distinguished for his truthfulness, manly spirit, and energy. He had made himself a good surveyor at sixteen. At nineteen he was made adjutant of one of the Virginia militia districts, with the rank of major. Even then he was looked on as a young man of uncommon promise."

In reading of the trials of the brave colonists as they tried to plant the tree of Liberty upon this soil of ours, we admire each one's bravery, yet one stands out clear and distinct above all others, like a giant oak-tree out lined against a blazen sky. That one is Washington!

Last summer I watched an oak-tree as the elements toyed among its branches in all their varying moods, I saw it on a quiet summer's day while the broad sunlight hunted out each hidden leaf. The birds sang softly in its boughs, and the soft south wind toyed lightly with its branches.

Beauty was all one thought of then; one hardly dreamed of any latent strength! But I watched the same tree when the storm wind raged—as he clutched and twisted at its giant arms and screamed back at the storm-clan which he led.

For one short moment the oak-tree was bent to the earth, then raising its proud head to heaven again, it flung defiance to the storm, and stood erect through rain and wind.

So it must have been with Washington. As his friends looked on him in his young manhood, they saw one who promised much, but we doubt if they comprehended the length and breadth and depth of his character whose latent strength revealed itself when most needed. When the time for action came, Washington like the rugged oak-tree flung defiance to the storm; and I think that his thoughtful face must have grown more serious and the firm lips become finer still, as he, raising his proud head to heaven, uttered those words: "More blood will be spilled, if the British Ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever yet furnished instances of in the annals of North America."

It is sad to realize that every civilized nation on the globe has written its history in letters of blood! The Christian world's history—is despair and its hope—was written by the blood of Calvary. America's history has been written by the gore of her loyal patriots flowing from the North even into the far South, her fertile, flowing valleys, and her lofty mountains have been spattered by this crimson tide, that we who possess this land of promise—o'urs, may enjoy its luscious fruits and golden grain, that we may see Liberty written in the heart of every fragrant flower; sparkling on every blade of grass; nodding its proud head to us from every lofty tree-top. The silver-throated bells chime out: Liberty! The hills catch up the refrain and echo it back to the valleys; the rivers and brooklets join in the glad chorus, and rush on with their sweet story to the old blue ocean—the story of Liberty! American liberty! such as the world has never known before!

If Washington were to awaken from his long sleep, I think he would be more surprised than Rip Van Winkle was at the changes occurring while he slept. Would not the father of his country be proud of the child he has tutored? Would he not rub his eyes and look in bewilderment at America's long miles of railroad? At her long lines of telegraph wires stretched from the East unto the West; from the snowy North even unto the orange groves of sunny Florida? Supposing Washington were to creep forth from his sepulcher, and stand upon the bank of one of our rivers and see a brand new steamboat moving grandly upon the waters; like some living thing; stand him up on some railroad platform and let him watch the iron-horse come puffing and snorting along like some fire demon; take him to Boston and place a telephone to

his ear and let some one in New York shout over the long miles: "Washington! I tell you this is the golden age!" when he realized it all, would't he call upon the rocks and hills to hide him?

We hardly appreciate the blessings we enjoy to-day. America's development has been so gradual, her inventions seem so much a part of our every day lives, that we hardly realize the amount of thought and long years of hard labor it took to produce them.

If Howe had listened to the "I told you so's," and discouragements that he met while inventing the sewing machine, we daughters of Eve might still be making the world's wardrobe with the old-time needle.

If Watt had not been the plucky man that he was, this luxury-loving people of the nineteenth century might never have tasted the pleasures of a Pullman palace car, and might still be riding in the old fashioned stage-coach. Verily many and marvelous are the changes that have occurred since Washington's day. I think those good old words: "Of him that hath much shall much be required" surely applies to the people of this century.

One occasionally runs across an old-foggy lagging the things of the past, who tells us that the world is going to the bad and that "nothing is as good now days as when I was a boy." We met one of these characters last summer. He was one of seventy-five or a hundred years of age, who had assembled in conference. He arose and threw a damper on the spirits of the younger ministers by telling them of the "old time religion" as if their religion was not quite as good as his. Then the good old Bishop arose and iterally drew the old gentleman over the coals. The Bishop was every whit as old as the other gentleman as far as years went, but his heart was considerably younger. He told us of his boyhood; of a clear, sparkling spring where, when a boy, he stooped and saw the reflection of the deep blue sky in its waters; of how as he looked he was impressed with its sublimity, and the great possibilities of life, of a true and noble mankind swept over him like a flash.

As he told one could almost imagine he heard the birds singing in the trees overhead; and I believe there was not one in that audience of 500 souls but what thought: give me that kind of religion—the kind that broadens and expands and reaches out and takes the whole world by the hand, instead of the kind that wraps the narrow mantle of selfishness about itself and says: "I am better than thou."

These old-fogies are the lions in the way, of the modern pilgrim's progress. How discouraging to a young man and a glow with enthusiasm, who believes in his inmost soul that God put him here to do something to benefit his fellow-man, to meet one of these chronic cowers. If I were a young man and saw one coming, I'd take the other side of the street, assured that their influence was as poisonous to the mental nature as a dose of strychnine is to the physical one.

Supposing Washington and his brave comrades had listened to the words of discouragement pouring in from every quarter. On the morning after that memorable Christmas night when Washington crossed the Delaware and suddenly falling upon the enemy captured one thousand Hessians and lost but four men, no doubt but many an old-tory who had tried to dissuade him, looked around in open-eyed wonder, saying: "Well, it was amazing!"

During that dark winter of 1777 when Washington's army was barefooted, scarcely clothed, ill-fed and naked, dispirited through repeated defeat, history tells us that, had they not been men who were fighting for a principle the war would utterly have broken down. But not their very souls cried out for liberty, and liberty they would have, let it cost what it might.

Surely the God of destiny, sitting upon His throne, watching the rise and fall of empires, the reign and overthrow of kings and sovereigns knew that after awhile a nation would be born of dark, chaotic mass, that should live throughout the ages, shedding its light upon the whole world, like some bright morning star; and that nations name should be America!

God bless this grand old Nation of ours! And shield her from every enemy's dart. For the East and the West, the North and the South, Each and all are dear to Columbia's heart; So let each forget and forgive the past, And cover this land with Peace's fair flow-ers.

Let hand clasp hand o'er the long stretch of years, And thank God for a Nation so grand as ours! R. M. B.

—Died, February 17th, 1885 near New Point, Charles Braxton Boswell, son of John A. and Mary D. Boswell; aged 8 years, 4 months and 10 days.

—Miss Ida Tracy will give a reading in the Baptist church, Forest City, on Thursday evening, February 26th., for the benefit of the Presbyterian church. Several of our correspondents have a habit of sending in their items on Wednesday—to insure insertion the same week, they should be mailed to us not later than Tuesday. Remember this, please.

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